

we nurses have to nurse with unqualified women, and to do alternate duty with them. Is it not time that in this country some definition of a trained nurse should be laid down? I think so.

Yours faithfully,  
CERTIFICATED NURSE.

[We have been making some inquiries lately in relation to the training of nurses employed in West End Nursing Homes, and find that in the majority semi-trained nurses are admitted, and that in several Homes young women under twenty years of age who have no hospital experience at all are also employed to nurse paying patients. This is certainly a grave breach of contract, and should at once be discontinued, but as many of these institutions are *superintended* by untrained women as commercial speculations, the abuse is very serious from the point of view of the patient.—Ed.]

CHRISTIAN ENGLAND.

8, Lansdowne Road,  
Tunbridge Wells.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you pardon my writing this little account to you. A few mornings ago my patient asked me if I would mind riding my bicycle with a young friend of hers and show her the country round. I was only too delighted. We got about six miles out when the young lady wanted a rest, so we sat on a bank facing six cottages. It was then 7.30 a.m. A poor man, I should think quite sixty years of age, came along. He put a little tea into a tin can which he had, and went to one of the cottages and asked for a little hot water. The first answer we heard was "Be hoff." The next was "Got none," and so it was to the end of those six houses. There was not a woman, I am sorry to say, amongst them that had the kindness of heart to give a poor old man a drop of hot water to make a cup of tea. Such is the want of humanity in Christian England. Such a thing would never occur in India among the people whom we call heathen. A poor beggar is never turned from the door there without at least *one* handful of rice. I cannot tell you the effect it had on me, and how deeply grieved I was that I had not my purse with me at the time. It was a lesson never to go out without a little money. Once when I was on a journey up the Central Asian mountains I lost my path and lost sight of the guide and coolies. I came to a shepherd's hut, with several women looking after the goats. I told them where I wanted to go, and that I had lost my way. They said they could not take me back to the right path as it was getting dark, and it was miles to the camp. When their men came back they went on the path and called and called to see if they could make any of my people hear, and in that way let them know where I was. The only answer they got was the echo from the mountains.

I did not mind for myself, but I was anxious for the servants, as I knew they would be very concerned when they found they had lost me. Those poor kind hearted people, whom one speaks of as heathens, said "Kuch parwani," which means "Never fear." They gave me such as they had, bread made of Indian corn, and goats' milk, and a little straw to sit on. The women said, "Sit with us and sleep until the morning."

Before dawn one of their men was up and away to find my people, and he said to me "You sit still until light, and then come on gently over the hill with the women and the goats." Before starting, I saw they were going to make a fire, I sat and watched the stars one by one disappear, and when the fire was lighted they made some goats' milk warm, and gave me a piece of their bread. I said "No, I cannot take it, as I have no money with me to pay you, the money is with the guide, and I may not meet him before I part with you." They made no answer, but kissed my feet. I am glad to say that the man who started before dawn kept calling on his way, and my people were all about calling for me, and so after tramping about ten miles we met, about 9 a.m. I wanted to reward those poor things, but no, not a pice could I get them to take. The women said "Give us a hair pin to remember you by, we do not wish your money, only a little nishan" (a remembrance). I had a thimble, a few needles and pins and cotton in my pocket, so I gave them those. Oh the thanks I got!

Think of the contrast, I, a strange woman in a strange land, they gave me of their best, such as it was; and here, in wealthy Christian England, a poor man asks one of his own country-women for a drop of hot water and it is refused. It makes one's heart ache and bleed. We talk of a universal brotherhood. Where is it?

I am, dear Editor,  
Yours truly,  
ELIZABETH NEWMAN.

P.S.—We are now reading "Three Pleasant Springs in Portugal," we got it from the NURSING RECORD. So many of my patient's friends, when they come in, ask where we get our nice books from. We tell them we always look in the NURSING RECORD, and then send up to Mudie's, and we always get what we write for.

I wonder if you could help me? I have a niece, a nice, refined, tall, strong, domesticated girl, aged nineteen, who wishes so much to be trained as a nurse. She has passed the local Oxford examination. We have applied to endless hospitals for her as probationer. The answer comes, "too young. Age twenty-four." What are girls to do from nineteen to twenty-four? Do you know of any appointment she could take for the next four or five years? She is 5 ft. 3½ in., and a well developed girl.

[Perhaps some of our readers can help.—Ed.]

COUNTRY HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of "The Nursing Record."

DEAR MADAM,—I have been intending to write to the NURSING RECORD for some time past to recommend a farm house to nurses for their holidays, but as I am told that the northern coast of Devonshire is the best place for late autumn, it may not yet be too late. Mrs. Hooper, at Greencliffe Farm, Abbotsham, near Bideford, made us very comfortable, and is a very good cook; we found the air most invigorating and the views lovely. The farm is within twenty minutes walk from the shore, and looks over Bideford Bay and across to Clovelly, it is also cheap, and very quiet.

Yours truly,  
M. E. FIELD.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)